VOL. 17 NO. 434 FEBRUARY 8 1890. PRICE 10 CENTS.

Judge

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, COPYRIGHT 1890 BY THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.

THE TIGER TAMED!

Speaker Reed is master of the situation.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

Publisher - - W. J. ARKELL.
Art Department - BERNHARD GILLAM.
Editor - - - I. M. GREGORY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers - $5.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers - 2.50
One copy, for 13 weeks - - - 1.25
Including the CHRISTMAS JUDGE.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS—To all foreign countries in the postal union, $6 a year.

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY (JUDGE BUILDING),
Cor. Fifth Ave. and 16th St., New York.

☞ *We guarantee advertisers a larger circulation at cheaper rates than any other American satirical paper published.*
The JUDGE *is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, and at Brentano's, 430 Strand, London.*

A. FOREPAUGH said as he was about departing, "Please notice that I'll get there ahead of P. T. Barnum."

* * *

"SHALL we talk while we dance?" asks a contemporary. Certainly, but the most of it must be done with the legs.

* * *

"THE New York prohibitionists are alive," says the New York *Pioneer*. Dear, dear! And that funeral has to be done over again?

* * *

PORTUGAL howling "Down with England" reminds one to shed a few neglected tears over the late valiant animal that bayed at the moon.

* * *

OUR STATE FAIR will be held this year at Syracuse. Time moves on, and the hamlets are slowly but surely forging their way to the front.

* * *

VIRGINIA refuses to allow women to practice law. Virginia is the mother of presidents and the grandmother of the progress that walks with its heels to the front.

* * *

WE HAVE the whip-hand so far as the scoundrel of the *Saratogian* is concerned. He says we have the grip, whereas—ha, ha!—it is merely a little matter of paralysis.

* * *

FELIX AGNUS, the great obituary poet of the Baltimore *American*, has had to do so much verse lately that his pocket is stuffed with greenbacks and his soul with joy.

* * *

THE INSANITY of Mr. Ruskin is as polished and graceful as anything of the kind that was ever known. The man is unique and finished in everything he does.

* * *

AMADEUS has just died. He was of middle age, and yet when one considers the danger he outlived as king of Spain one cannot help thinking of him as a very old man.

* * *

A CASHIER of our post-office is just dead, of suicide. He had been cashier many years. The true idea of civil service would have drawn him away from temptation and so saved his honor and his life.

* * *

THE CROWN JEWELS of Russia are worth eleven million dollars, and the czar would give them all for the little jewel safety, which to ordinary men comes without cost and remains without expense.

* * *

THE CLERGY of Minneapolis have concluded to destroy the Sunday press. It is sometimes the best way, though not the fairest, to put the heel on opposition and crush it to death; but frequently it can't be done.

* * *

MUCH IS SAID of the Fassett committee of investigation being composed largely of hayseeds. Of course the parties to be investigated know more about the business than the hayseeds do, and so why not turn the matter altogether into the hands of their representatives?

IT HAS REACHED PIKE COUNTY.

THE BOBOLINK—"McGint—McGint—McGintle. McGint—gint—gint—gintle. McGint"—— (*Spang!*)

MR. PIKE—"I ain't goin' ter have no New York dude-bird comin' up here makin' fun of honest folks even if th' ole gun *is* loaded with buck-shot fer bear."

A TILDEN MONUMENT.

THE SUGGESTION of Congressman Cummings that the government erect a monument to Samuel J. Tilden and the inscription on it be to the effect that he was a president of the United States was made apparently with the purpose of creating comment, for certainly the congressman knew that it would not be adopted. Even a Democratic congress would not adopt it; and besides it is not the business of congress to spend the people's money in that way. But perhaps a monument to Mr. Tilden as a great lawyer would be a good thing; and in that behalf Mr. Cummings ought to open a subscription-book, or perhaps the *Sun* might engineer a Tilden fund with the double purpose of destroying Mr. Hayes and giving Tilden a posthumous boost. It is most unfortunate that the money Mr. Tilden conferred on the city for the purpose of a Tilden library should have gone to the good old man's natural heirs; but he was a great lawyer for all that, and if his legal admirers and his clients would express their admiration by contribution he would have a monument worthy of his name and services.

ENGLISH CAPITAL—TAKE CARE OF ALASKA!

THE EXTRAORDINARY and enormous investments of English capital in American productive interests do not as yet excite as much alarm as astonishment. What will be the possible outcome?

Great Britain is and has been the great pawnbroker of the world. It holds the tickets of almost every government at the harvest interest of the money-lender. Its mortgages are not confined to civilized, but cover semi-civilized lands. The tax-gatherers of the Nile as well as the Bosphorus extort hard-earned sequins to stuff its insatiable maw. The snow plains of Russia shelter the growing wheat that is to pay on Russian debt the English toll. The very seas are shorn, by the keels of its commercial marine. Wherever the prow of an English steamer pokes itself, it snuffs up grains of gold, to sneeze back on British soil. This is all very well. The mines, banks, manufactures and ships of the tight little island have made it the commercial mistress of the world. It is a glorious material success. The grandeur of an empire girdled with unbroken daylight is a proud tribute to the audacity, grasp and greed of the Anglo-Saxon race. Civilization is helped, and the world bettered, by this carnal salvation of Crœsus. We also admire, with a touch of the pride of kinship, the wealth of our rich relative across the sea.

It is, however, a yet unanswered query, are we wise, although willing, to sell to Jacob our birth-right for a temporary bellyful of pottage?

It may be that the breweries, paper-mills, flour-mills, elevators and lines of lake-marine are well sold, and that the guaranteed dividends can be assured, even if pared from the edges of the retained stock. It may also be that John is satisfied with a lesser margin than Jonathan. The added solace of continued management, under American direction, is likely to be but temporary. Ownership will soon control both pay and selection of employés. England is overflowing with sharp and capable men, unused to liberal pay, that will sooner or later displace our own. England provides for its poor by colonization. It has projected another policy of provision for a crowd of its competent subjects, by the purchase of productive businesses. Hindoostan is already full. Egypt has its quota. Every trading island, peninsula, and port all the world around is picketed with representatives of English enterprise. Railroads, wherever built with English money, and even the Canadian Pacific, are manned with and managed by British protégés.

Are we also in the line of conquest by capital, and re-colonization, by British purchase? While the English mind leans to the liberality of republicanism, it should be remembered that it is tinctured with a weakness it takes two or three generations to wean it of—a hereditary indifference to ability and great respect for a title.

Is there any danger to us, our institutions or interest, in this golden march of the British guineas? Is there to be no stay or breastwork to stop the invasion by investment of ranch and public lands; or are the sellers but ambuscading to welcome the coming gold to the grave

Repose.

The avalanche.

Against the grain.

With the grain.

of hospitable pockets? Is it not possible that the adroitness that is pushing forward foreign capital is also shrewd enough to watch well its management and provide against any possible flank? The latest advance, if we are correctly informed, is to throw up intrenchments for its safety, if needed, even by the use of government shovels.

The twenty-years' lease of the Alaska seal-fishery very shortly expires. The company that has gathered this crop of valuable skins in the Behring seas is a syndicate of English Hebrews. From the beginning it was no venture; but protected, as it should be and was, by our revenue-cutters against the marauding of our own or Canadian depredators, it has proven a very mine of wealth. The first Republican administration showed a fore-sighted statesmanship in the purchase of Alaska that rivaled in its results President Jefferson's purchase of Louisiana. Alaska has added, by its wonderful fisheries and resources from the sea, revenues as great as those gathered from the semi-tropical lands of the Mississippi.

The throat exercise.

Can we afford to throw away the result of the statesmanship of the great secretary?

Is it possible that an administration pledged to protect American labor and interests will on any pretext give to foreign control this chance of abundant wealth? Shall we tie up for the fifth of a century, by a contract, the exile of an industry that is and has been successfully manipulated in the United States? If an open taking of seals by American seamen under government restriction is not possible, let the harvest and the handling be restricted to the citizens of the United States. It is natural that an English company should send its arctic catch of furs to London to control the price and keep busy the three to four thousand of its employés. A Democratic administration, backed by free-traders and seduced by mugwumpery, might be expected to hold lightly its patriotic virtue. A Republican administration cannot forget the purposes for which it was elected and the solemn pledges that it made.

J. A.

SENATOR BRICE has a secretive nature. For instance, he has hidden his statesmanlike ability so effectually that nobody ever heard of it and nobody ever will.

P-p-puff!

* * *

AUGUSTA, the late empress, was noted in her youth for her beautiful natural shoulders, and in her old age for her beautiful manufactured ones.

* * *

"AT LAST," says an exchange, "winter is getting a little back-bone." Winter ought to wear it at the front, so that somebody might see and recognize it.

* * *

JELLEN FOSTER has a new temperance organization whose name has nine words. The purpose is, we suppose, to have the name wag the organization.

* * *

LEON ABBETT, like Governor Campbell, favors ballot reform in precisely the way that Governor Hill doesn't favor it. Looks very much as if David would have to run, if at all, for both the first and second places on the ticket.

* * *

THE GERMANS are not satisfied with the Samoan treaty, and the London *Times* says the treaty "bears handsome testimony to Prince Bismarck's reasonableness." We believe something has been said as to Mr. Blaine's nonentity in this connection.

Bay-rum in the eye.

Evening up.

The dry shampoo.

Next!

HUM OF THE COURT.

TIME, tide and Nelly Bly wait for no man.—*New York World.*

PERHAPS the law fears that electrocution will kill a man too much. The law devotes itself exclusively to these little niceties.

VICKY WOODHULL threatens to sue lots of American newspapers for libel. This is good news, because it is evidence that Vicky still lives.

BELVA LOCKWOOD will be a candidate in '92. As the Democratic party cannot unite on its only man perhaps it can make a compromise on Belva.

THE NEW KING of Portugal has curly hair, and if he continues long in office it will curl so tight, like that of the girl of the south, that he "cannot shut his mouth."

SING SING insists that she is just the place for a prison, but it must be admitted that Schoharie is nearer to Albany and Troy, and the cost of transportation must be considered.

AN UPPER CUT.

MISS WERDEN—"Do you know that you remind me so much of the prince of Wales?"

DUNNINGHAM (*flattered into an unwise question*)—"How so?"

MISS WERDEN—"He's a 'waiter,' you know."

MISS BRADDON has written fifty novels, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* hopes she will live to write fifty more. We hope she may—particularly as she is fifty-three years old and can't do it.

SENATOR STANFORD gave Miss Anthony five hundred dollars to use for woman suffrage, and we should consider that money safe for equality if Miss Anthony urgently needed a new bonnet and a set of diamonds.

"THE NEGROES," says the Mobile *Register*, "cannot be made to emigrate unless they wish to." That is so; and let us be frank and add that if they did emigrate the whites would howl more about it than they would.

MISS CAMMERER wooed and won Mr. Muller and then jilted him, and now she gets twelve thousand dollars because of Muller's alleged breach of promise. The insult is not to be matched by anything except the injury.

DISCOURAGEMENT TO ART.

HALLEN (*of the "Wrecked in Siberia" company*)—"I think we'd better skip this town and strike a fatter one, Hart. They seem to have a breed of cats here made on purpose to throw."

TWO STORIES always go together—one that the queen is dangerously ill and the other that Wales is dangerously debauched. These stories have been before the public so long that one almost suspects the English of American politics.

TWELVE HUNDRED working girls of this city had a dance the other night, and there was not a man or a heart-ache among them. There was merely an unuttered protest that something was lacking and nobody cared to vex her soul by inquiring what it was.

IT IS WONDERFUL what ability some actors have in the great work of destroying a good play. We should think that Gilbert and Sullivan would be chagrined enough to quarrel themselves to death and come over here in two vessels and several pieces to see about it.

THE FACES of some of our society belles as given in the daily papers have an appearance of combined measles and influenza that would bode ill for the future but for the beautiful wealth that belongs to them. We must remember, however, that heaven doesn't give us these faces—it is the jack-knife artist.

EARNED SHELTER.

HOGGENRIFFER—"I tells you, fellers, I geds mein revenche fer luggin' dis big tuba 'round all der hot summer, ain'd it?"

A CUP OF TEA.

A CUP of tea, dear lady mine.
I'll take it while your white hands shine
Above the daisied china thin,
So blue, sure to your eyes akin
That look up smiling into mine.

And while you graciously incline
A toast I'll pledge—oh, maid divine,
Here's to blue eyes! I'll drink it in
A cup of tea!

Ah! nectar strong as rosy wine
Or rarest juices of the vine,
I'll quaff again—it is no sin
A smile from such sweet lips to win,
So sweet—why should I thus enshrine
A cup of tea?

KATE MASTERSON.

SEE?

WHY is your hat like a baby?
One you wear and the other you were.

THE POET'S COMPLIMENT.

I'D SING a song, oh, maiden kind,
And think it but my duty;
But not a single rhyme I find
To match thy matchless beauty.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Larkin—"Emerson is often called the sage of Concord, I believe."

Maddox—"I believe so."

Larkin—"Now who is the sage of Wall street?"

Maddox—"I don't know, unless it is Russell."

INFORMATION WANTED.

JONES, who is preparing a *brochure* to be entitled "Is Marriage a Failure?" had the good luck the other day to meet a distinguished statistician.

"Oh, professor!" was Jones's breathless question, "kindly tell me which, from your observation marry oftenest, the women or the men?"

TO SOME of our lady novelists
We'd drop this serious hint,
That they'd look much better in muslin
Than ever they do in print.

THE WAY HE PUT IT.

BROWN, who is a declared enemy of the piano, was thus chid by his hostess at an entertainment:

"The pianist complains that you were talking while he was playing."

"On the contrary, madam, it is I who should complain, because he was playing while I was talking."

THE TEETH KNOCKED OUT OF AN OLD SAW.

Phunnyman—"I saw Oldboye on the train to-day with his young wife. He didn't seem to feel very well and was resting on her shoulder."

Friend—"Well, what of that?"

Phunnyman—"Oh, it proved that there is no truth in the old saying that you can't put old heads on young shoulders."

DESDEMONA was dissatisfied, that's granted;
Because the Moor she had—the Moor she wanted.

AN EXTEMPORIZED HAT-RACK.

FINLAN—"It's wan that Mary Ann bought at McTine's."
MURPHY—"An' a good wan it is, Jerry. Th' man that shtuffed it knowed his business."

A NEW USE FOR THE INVENTION.

HIMFELBERGER (*as customer comes in*)—"Oxcuse me a minude unt I vaits on you, frent." (*Gives phonograph handle a turn.*) "How dot lasd suid I solt you vear, Misder Sochs?"
THE DUMMY—"Shplendit! Dey vas der besd in der cidy."

A LITTLE HYPERBOREAN.

"OH, GRANDMA!" cried Elliskin from the window, her attention for the first time riveted upon fast-falling snow. "Oh, grandma, the fedders come down in a fud!"

IT LOOKED LIKE IT.

First camel—"What are you cross about?"

Second camel—"I am not cross."

First camel—"Then what have you got your back up for?"

AT THE OUTER DOOR.

A MAN with influenza died,
As many have before,
And then he swiftly upward skied
And knocked at Peter's door.
Before the gate did Peter stand—
"Canst give the sign?" With pride
He gave the grip to Peter's hand,
Then entered by his side.

UNAPPRECIATED WORKERS.

Cobble—"I think shoemakers are the most patient and uncomplaining mortals on earth. In fact real Mark Tapleys."

Friend—"Why so?"

Cobble—"Their work is constantly being trampled under foot, and the more people trample on it the better they seem to like it."

WITHIN HER MUFF.

I WATCH her as she tucks away
Her very swagger porte-monnaie,
Her lace kerchief, her powder-puff,
And, as if that were not enough,
She to this formidable array
Adds tickets for the matinée
Within her muff.

I marvel much with man's dismay
That such small space holds this display.
Then suddenly through lace and fluff,
Unmindful of her "Don't be rough,"
I seek to find if room there may
Be for aught else that comes her way
Within her muff.

And though she frowns and cries me nay
I persevere in love's affray;
I touch a glove, small, dainty, buff,
And then—from out its silky ruff
A small hand slips in mine—I say
The sweetest thing I found that day
Within her muff.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

NOT QUITE RIGHT.

"NOW tell me, Master Tommy, where do pears grow?"

"On pear-trees."

"Good; and dates?"

"On calendar-trees."

IN THE HANDS OF HIS FRIENDS.

Bagley—"Oh, yes; I had the borrowing habit a year ago, but I'm cured now."

Bailey—"Who cured you?"

Bagley—"My friends."

THE MODERN CRAZE.

Actor (after a performance of "Hamlet")—"What is the audience waiting for? The play is ended."

Manager—"Not much it ain't. Your advance-agent promised to have the First grave-digger sing the McGinty song and every man in the house bought a ticket on that promise."

Actor—"Trot out, Gabe, and give it to them."

THE TALL MAN AND THE BARBER.

"IS THIS the barber-shop?" asked a neatly dressed, tall man, carrying a satchel, as he entered the tonsorial artist's studio.

"Yis, sah; walk in, sah!" said the artist.

"Can I get shaved here?"

"Yis, sah; yo' nex', sah!"

"Hair cut?"

"Sart'nly, sah!"

"Shampoo?"

"Oh, yis, sah!"

The man walked in, placed his satchel on the floor and sat down.

"Barbers don't pull teeth to any great extent nowadays, do they?" said he.

"Oh, no, sah."

"But they used to, you know. They used to pull teeth, cup, leech, cut off legs and do other things that hurt almost as much as their razors do now. What are the prevailing styles of whiskers now?"

"Mufstaash, mutton-chops, an' de English split-chin, sah."

"Ah, yes! Do you ever find the whole three combined on one face?"

"Nevah but once, sah. A young man 'ployed me to block out de free styles fo' 'im, so he kun hab 'em shabe off one by one, sah, to see w'ich o' dem styles he look de bes' in. W'en dey was all grow'd he's afeared to hab any one ob 'em shabe off, sah, 'cause mebbe dat be de one w'at suit his 'plexion bes'. Dat young man struggle wiv dem w'iskahs fo' free mont's, sah, an' den he o'der 'em all shabe off. Den he say:

"'Raise me a mufstaash!'

"I riz him a mufstaash, sah, an' he hab his picture tooken. Den he want he mufstaash shabe off an' English split-chin riz. W'en dat was riz he go wiv dat an' hab his picture tooken. Den off come de English split-chin, sah, an' we grow him de mutton-chop. W'en he gits a picture ob dat he put de free pictures in a row an' look at 'em a minute. Den he frow 'em on de flo' an' flop hisse'f in dis cheer, sah, an' hollah out:

"'I looks like de debble in 'em all, I does! Shabe 'em off!' he says.

"I shabe 'em off, sah, an' he nevah wo' no w'iskahs 'tall, sah, after dat."

"So?" said the tall man. "You use bay-rum, of course?"

"Yis, sah."

"And hair-tonic?"

"Oh, yis, sah!"

"And the best pomade?"

"Sart'nly, sah."

"And—but of course you have that on your shelves—Capulini's scalpitarium?"

"No, sah. We hain't fell to usin' dat yit, sah."

"What!" exclaimed the tall man, grabbing his valise, opening it, and taking out a square black bottle with a gold label. "Don't use the greatest tonsorific of the age? Then let me"——

"Yo's de nex', sah!" said the barber. The tall man looked up at the clock.

"Jiminetty!" he exclaimed. "Half-past six! I'll bet nine shilling I'm too late to catch Jobson!"

The tall man grabbed his valise and rushed out. The barber went to the door and looked after him.

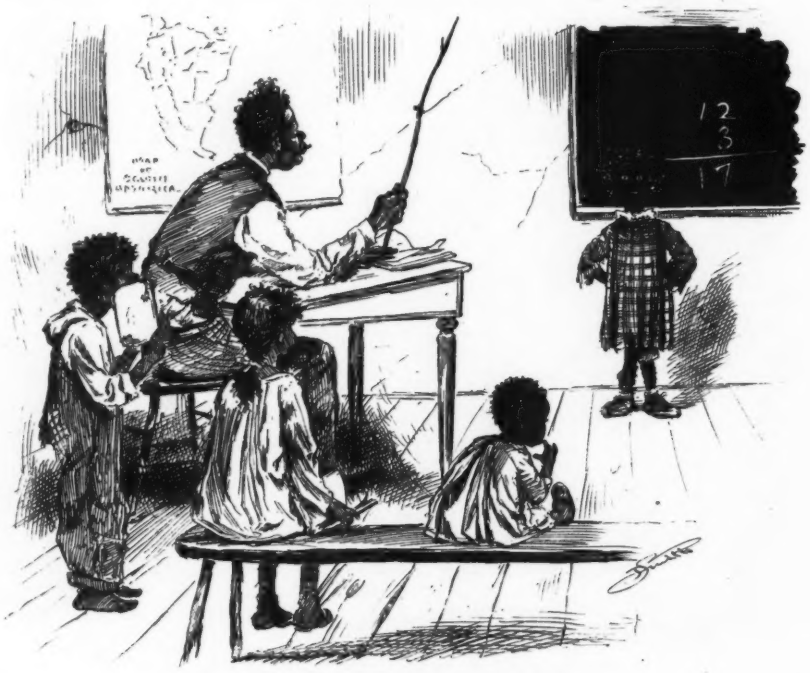
"I spec' mebbe yo' is too late to ketch Jobson!" said he. "But if yo' jes' come roun' dis way ag'in yo' won't be too late to ketch dis hyuh boot, yo' w'ite trash yo'!"

ED. MOTT.

HE COULDN'T RESIST IT.

MISS SOMERVILLE—"I wonder why Mr. Throuper prefers the street to the sidewalk?"

MISS MEDFORD—"Why, don't you see? There's a mirror on the rear of that truck."



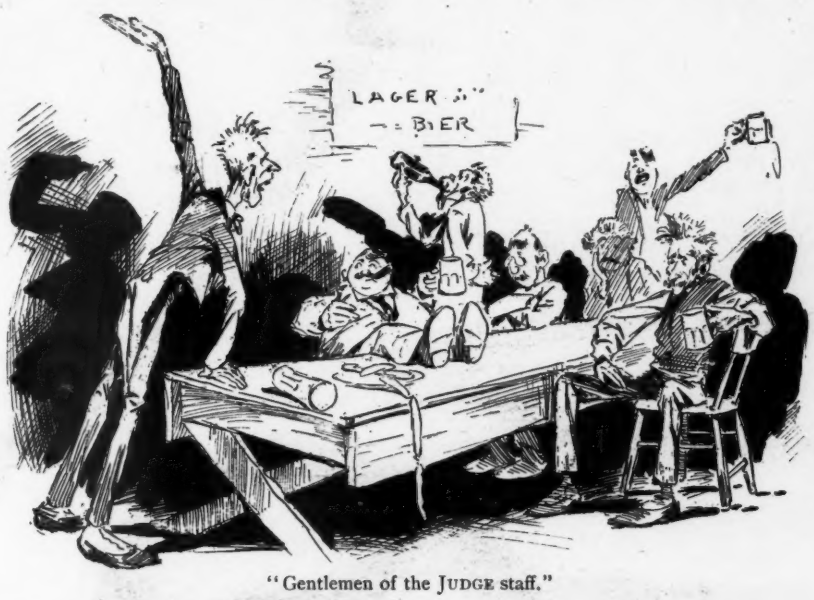
IN AN UNCERTAIN LIGHT.

Mr. BRACEBRIDGE—"Yo' Sissy Robberson, yo' stan' 'way frum dat yer brack-boahd so's I kin see 'f yo's laffin' at yo' teachah!"

NEW YORK.

TO BURLAP P. GRIPPE, M.D.

DEAR DOCTOR—I address this communication to you for certain good and specific reasons. I have written to the JUDGE officials collectively and individually since my reception, and having received no answer am afraid that they have not recovered from the deluge of information and cataract of *bonmots* that I sprung on them on that occasion. I do not understand yet why my ovation was given in the rear room of Hertzenflugel's rat cellar; but I had an excellent time, and the location was better than the JUDGE building would have been, its nearness to Bellevue being an important factor. When, in response to that gilt-edged ace of clubs with "Come at once" scrawled across its face in the line-of-beauty chirography of my friend Mr. Phillips, I found myself in the presence of the united JUDGE staff, gathered there to press my hand and impose on my digestion, I was overcome with awe. That I, an humble worker in the field of battered journalism, should be accorded such a welcome by such men was almost too much for me; but when Mr. Hamilton sat on my hat and Mr. Gillam kicked me playfully, while all of the others threw kisses and malt-tankards, I felt that I had indeed taken a place in their affections which my great girdling-the-world act was not alone accountable for. In response to warm words of welcome and a bill for a broken lithographic stone from Mr. Arkell I mounted one end of the table and by vigorous dodging succeeded in emptying myself of the following speech, to wit:



"Gentlemen of the JUDGE staff."

"Gentlemen of the JUDGE staff (two pretzels, one in the eye and the other just over it)—When I started under your kind patronage to circumnavigate the world in the interests of science and a stuffed-up bank account (one-half a Bologna which missed me and kindly hit Goodwin, who began to eat it) I had little idea of what the performance involved. I simply made up my mind to use my large and fat experience in my frequent trips between Horseheads and Elmira, and let nothing but Providence stop me from completing my task in a manner and time creditable to my sponsors. ('Hear! hear!' which I couldn't do on the spur of the moment by reason of a corpulent cabbage fired at me by one whom I caricatured once and who never forgot it.) As I prowled along on my way, never thinking of aught save glory, and only stopping to eat and get shaved, it seemed to me that you good-for-nothing pirates at home were having the soft side of the snap for the current year. As I look about on the spare, sallow, unhealthy-looking crowd around me (spang! spang! a potato and a great red onion) and feel the warm, rich blood pouring and surging through my tropic-warmed veins I can simply say, gentlemen, that my joy at having started is only equaled by my regret at having come back." At this point, doctor, I had to stop. By a concerted effort the table was tipped up and I was thrown to the floor by the mob. You know what happened afterward. I don't. I find this cot very comfortable, but would ask you to have it moved into a corner where it is a trifle darker. I'm afraid some well-meaning person will come in and want me to look at some back numbers of the JUDGE. If I should see them my sudden demise would be on your head. If you see any suspicious-looking, wild-eyed men with crayons, etc., hanging around the hospital, have them arrested.

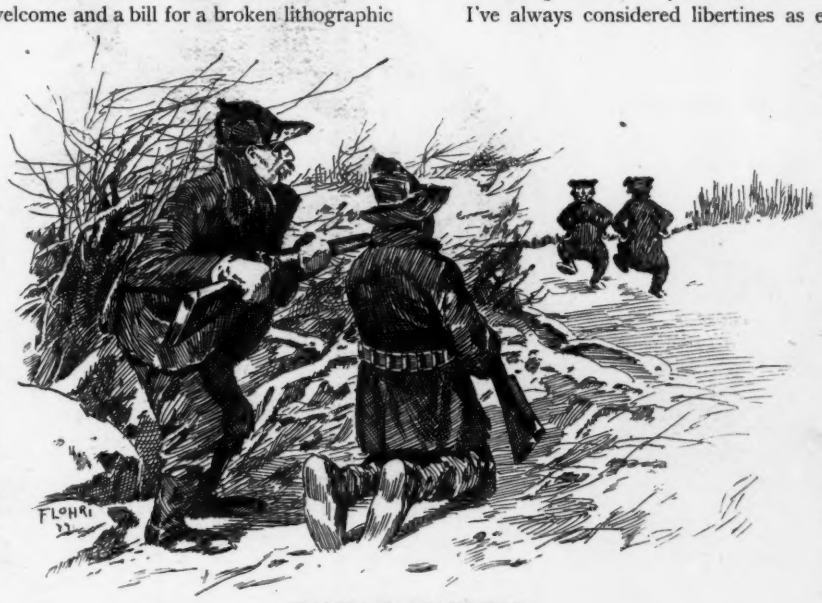
Yours gratefully,

ZIM.

Per J. S. G.

"When Mr. Hamilton sat on my hat."

"Suspicious-looking, wild-eyed man."



TENDER-HEARTED.

AROOSTOOK GUIDE—"Jethro!"
JETHRO—"'S-s-sh!"
AROOSTOOK GUIDE—"They look so much like you an' that little Simmons gal at th' nuskin' last night I kinder hate t' plug 'm."

BY OUR OFFICE PHILOSOPHER.

IT IS as difficult to make a woman understand anything by a course of reasoning as it is easy to convince her by appealing to her feelings. I've always considered libertines as egregious fools, for none but a fool would imagine that he could find happiness in a dissolute life.

What annoys me most is to observe that there are certain bounds to the achievements of human genius while there seem to be none at all to those of human stupidity.

AT HOME.

Caller—"Is Mr. Brown at home?"

Servant—"Yes, sir; you will find him at his club."

A TERRIBLE LOSS.

"THEY say Mrs. Smith took on terribly at Smith's death."

"Yes, poor thing! she could scarcely be reconciled to his loss."

"Did she get much insurance?"

"No; it was a total loss. All his policies had lapsed."

HAL

Uncle Sam—"Hold on, Secretary Windom; I don't propose to run Alask

In a long letter to the committee on commerce Secretary Windom argues AGA
seal fisheries to the English company which has enjoyed the lease during the pa
labor in dressing Alaska seal-skins while American workingmen have been ready a

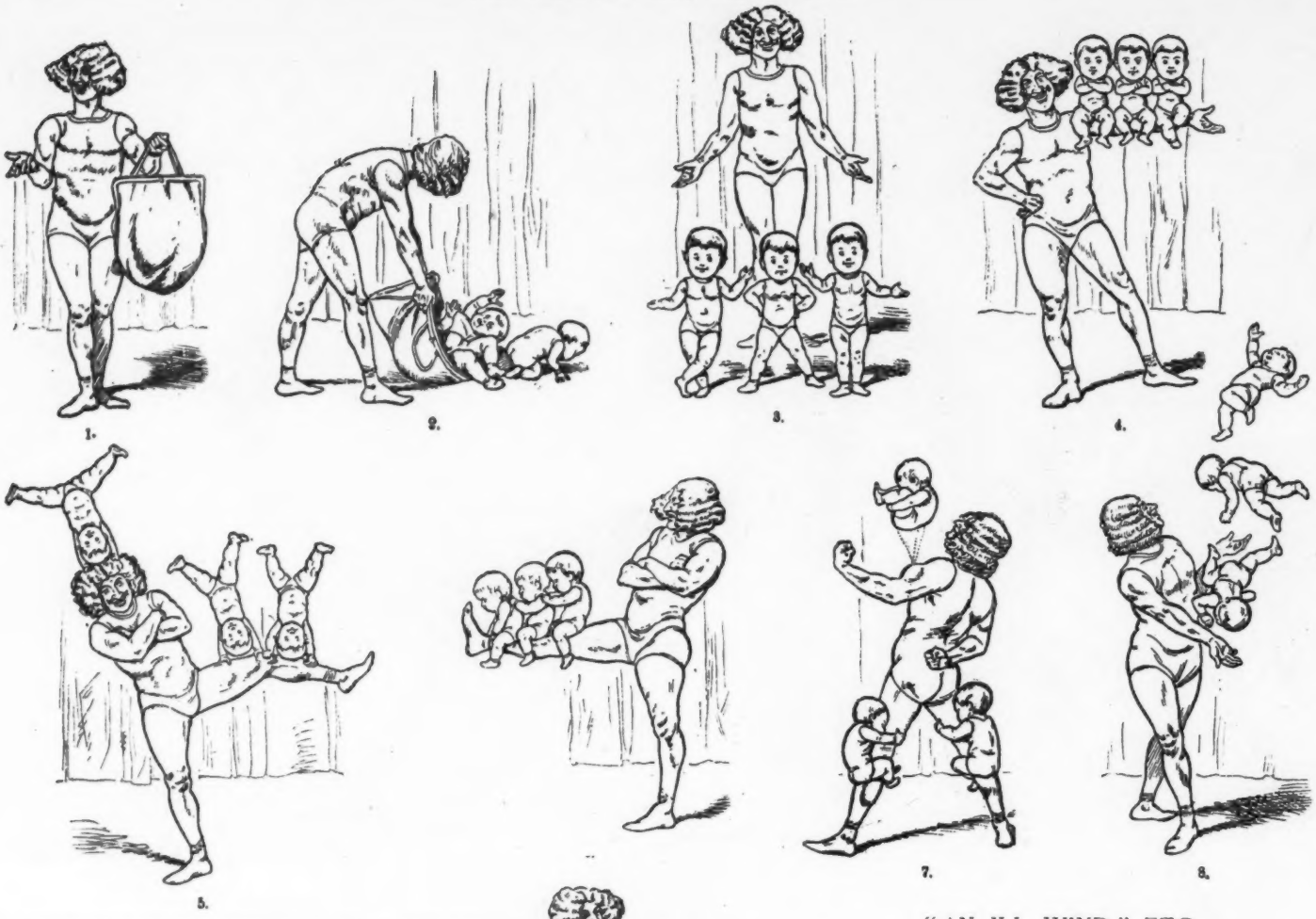
Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co. New York

HALT!

o run Alaska for the benefit of English syndicates and English workingmen!"

ndom argues AGAINST the repeal of the act of congress which gives a monopoly of the ase during the past twenty years. A million dollars a year has been spent for English have been ready and able to do the work.

THE ACROBAT AND HIS FAMILY.



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SENTENCES PASSED BY THE JUDGE.

IGNORANCE lies suspicious in her lair.

A need must first be felt before it can be supplied.

Love measures all things by the height of one object.

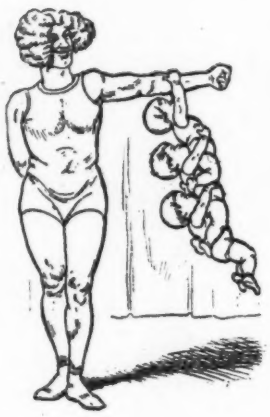
There is but little truth in epigrams, maxims and aphorisms.

There is always some one found to provide for idiots and sluggards.

The heart is always instinctive—quick to perceive and ready to act. If one is impressed with the exquisite tact of some simple deed and looks into the matter it will transpire that the suggestion of the act came from the heart.

Man is in a chronic state of longing after the unattainable—not unattainable because impossible to attain, but in the sense of its being unattainable at the moment of its desirability. Were he once completely and entirely satisfied, that repletion would prove his *coup de grâce.*

KATHRINE GROSJEAN.



9.

"AN ILL WIND," ETC.

A FRENCH officer of high rank in the last war had his leg shot away by a cannon-ball.

While he was being cared for his valet wept bitterly.

"Don't cry, my good fellow," said the officer with grim humor; "you've had all the luck to-day, for you'll never hereafter have to shine more than one boot."

A SAFE DECEPTION.

Mrs. Brown—"I'm afraid Johnnie won't eat this worm candy if I tell him what it is, and if I give it to him without telling he'll be apt to be suspicious."

Brown—"Hide it away in the corner of the pantry."

ARE WE COMING TO THIS?

SCENE, mayor's office, Chicago, in the year 189–. Enter would-be benedict—"Sir, I desire to enter the matrimonial state."

Mayor of Chicago—"My young friend, you have come to the wrong place; this is Illinois, the divorce state. You will have to go to Utah."

FEBRUARY.

O FEBRUARY, of the icy hue,
That stand'st between the winter and the spring,
Thy very varied miseries I sing—
Half-frozen hands and feet, and noses blue,
Cold, biting winds that chill us through and through,
Stiff necks, sore throats, chapped lips, and ears that sting,
And sundry ills that need no mentioning
But make us thine unwelcome presence rue.
I see men in saloons ten times a day
In eager tones demand a "mash" or "fizz";
From morn to eve I note them go and come—
Ah, then I know thy spirit holdeth sway,
And that thy one excuse for being is
To help the sale of whisky, gin and rum!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

HIS IDEA OF HER NEEDS.

Elderly woman—"Bub, do you keep the bloomer costumes here?"

Drug-store boy—"No, mum, but we've got the bloom 'er youth. Have a bottle?"

NEW STYLE OF TATTOOING IN THE LAKE CITY.

CHICAGO MAN—"If you don't believe that Chicago is the business centre of this country and ought to have the fair, look at that."

McALLISTER'S BALL.

Sublime Ward McAllister! Long mayst thou bloom,
And posterity fondly thy memory preserve!
Ne'er again shall we witness, this side of the tomb,
Such rare incarnation of blue-ribbon nerve.
The envy of parvenus, kindler of feuds
'Mong the *bon ton*, and prince of the empire of gall—
The fetich of snobs and emasculate dudes—
The designer superb of McAllister's ball!

The concession how great that quadrupled the ranks
Of thine august four hundred, immortal, unique!
America owes thee ovations and thanks,
And the blue blood of Gotham a respite from pique.
The canons of culture can worry thee not;
On thee all behests of good sense vainly call;
Public prints become sewers for ineffable rot
Anent the big theme of McAllister's ball.

What boots it if millions of dollars must melt
In the river of pleasure? 'Twill make it more sweet
For those with whom fortune has tenderly dealt—
Whose business is folly, whose pastime deceit.
'Tis urgent to surfeit, important to please
Exemplars of shoddy in palace and hall,
Though scores of poor devils must hunger and freeze
In reach of the lights of McAllister's ball.

But great is McAllister! Long may he wave—
His bays never wither, his shadow grow less!
For he is the idol of noodlery's slave
Who kneels at the sanctified altar of dress.
Earth never can boast or creation afford
His equal till time hangs its harp on the wall:
"Grand, gloomy, peculiar," of folly adored,
Whose crowning life-work was McAllister's ball!

—*John Talman in St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Women may not love him,
Men may not adore him;
Yet he who wheels the barrow
Carries all before him.

—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

When a politician remarks that he is in the hands of his friends it can generally be assumed that his friends' hands are in his pockets.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

"Will the coming man fly?" asks a scientific writer. Judging from our protracted spell of rainy weather, the "coming man" will have to swim as soon as he gets here.—*Norristown Herald.*

While the wind in capering round to-day kicked up but a little dirt, it lifted many a gentleman's hat and many a lady's skirt; it tossed the bill-boards into the street and scattered shingles and staves, and hoisted an artificial rain from the creek and the river waves; the heavens with trifling things were thick as the down on the autumn thistle, and the whiskers that crossed on the lower bridge were shaved as slick as a whistle.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

SAXI —10— CENTS PER PACKAGE.
An all-tobacco, Long Filler Cigarette, the most delicious and wholesome smoke ever offered for the money.
CONSOLIDATED CIGARETTE CO.
Ave. D and 10th St., New York.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
PIANOS
Are at present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
Warerooms, 149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th St., N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1318 Chestnut Street; CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street; SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club Building; ST. LOUIS, MO., 1522 Olive Street; KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main St.

TWO PER CENT. ON FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

About a week ago a Detroit real-estate dealer became very tired and had the following sign printed and posted on his door:

"No tramps need apply."
"No money to lend."
"Haven't a postage stamp to spare."
"No matches supplied."
"We have had the grippe."
"Have seen a dozen such winters."
"We are not 'in' to bores."
"We have no railroad pass."
"We don't want to invest in mines."
"No corns to be pared off."
"No stationery wanted."
"We don't sign any bonds."
"Don't want any life insurance."
"Interviewers will please keep out."

The sign had been up a day or so when an old man opened the door very carefully and walked in, and after a bit observed:

"I've been reading your sign out here."
"Then profit by it," was the brusque reply.

He shut the door and went away, and half a day later that sign came down. The old man had forty thousand dollars worth of land to sell, and he called upon another dealer and left his memoranda, with the remark that a man who was so mighty exclusive as that could never get near enough to the public to sell anything.—*Free Press.*

"JUDGE" WON'T BUDGE
from the high position it occupies, and neither will "Cabinet Sekt," which is the peer of all champagnes.

CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

Simble und moderate bleasures dooks you der rifer of life ofer in bully shapes mitout any odder rudder.

In der struckture of der ooniferse everyting vas lofely like der deuce, but dhere vas someting tifference in der gofernment of hooman affairs.

Dhere vas much goot consolations in der think dot mit der terminations of der dooration of der vorldt comes der sickness of der bolidical liar.

The electric companies seem to be almost as proud of their dead men as they are of their live wires.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"Throw physic to the dogs," and use Angostura Bitters for good digestion and a healthy appetite. Sole M'f'rs, Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

THE STOVE IN THE VILLAGE STORE.

When the twilight had deepened to darkness
They gathered from far and near—
Old farmers who plodded the distance
As pilgrims their shrines to revere;
At the shabby old store at the "corners"
They met and they entered the door,
For the Mecca of all these old cronies
Was the stove in the old village store.
It was guiltless of beauty or polish,
And its door was unskillfully hung,
But they made a glad circle around it,
And the genial warmth loosened each tongue;
And they talked of the crops and the weather—
Twin subjects to gossip most dear—
And the smoke from their pipes as it blended
Gave a tinge to the whole atmosphere.
Full many the tales they related,
And wondrous the yarns they spun,
And doubtful the facts that they stated,
And harmless the wit and the fun;
But if ever discussion grew heated
It was all without tumult or din,
And they gave their respectful attention
When a customer chanced to come in.
When the evening was spent and the hour
For the time of their parting had come,
They rapped from their pipes the warm ashes
And reluctantly started for home;
Agreeing to meet on the morrow,
When the day with its labor was o'er,
For the Mecca of all the old cronies
Was the stove in the old village store.

—*Mrs. E. A. Trent in Hardware.*

MY FIDDLE.

My fiddle? Well, I kind o' keep her handy, don't you know?
Though I ain't so much inclined to tromp the strings and switch the bow
As I was before the timber of my elbows got so dry,
And my fingers was more limber-like and caperish and spry.
Yet I can plonk and plunk and plink,
And tune her up and play,
And jest lean back and laugh and wink
At every rainy day.

My playin's only middlin'—tunes I picked up when a boy—
The kind o' sort o' fiddlin' the folks call corduroy:
"The old fat gal" and "Ryestraw" and "My sailor's on the sea"
s the cowtillions that I saw when the ch'ice is left to me.
And so I plunk and plonk and plink,
And rosum up my bow,
And play the tunes that make you think
The devil's in your toe.

That's how this dear old fiddle's won my heart's endurin' love!
From the strings across the middle to the screechin' up above—
From her apern, over bridge, and to the ribbon round the throat,
She's a wooin' cooin' pigeon, singin' "Love me" every note!
And so I pat her neck and plink
Her strings with lovin' hands,
And list'nin' clost, I sometimes think
She kind o' understands!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE Cocoa
Unequaled for Delicacy of Flavor and Nutritious Properties. Easily Digested. Different from all other Cocoas.

ESTABLISHED 1848.
ESPENSCHEID

"The Marquis."
Directions "How to Order," prices, etc., mailed free, on application. Address
N. ESPENSCHEID,
NEW YORK.

JAMES M. BELL & CO.
Are Authorized by the Sunny Side Distilling Co. to be the only bottlers of PURE OLD "Sunny Side" ALL-RYE WHISKEY in the United States
OUR SIGNATURE APPEARS ON EVERY BOTTLE.
The Sunnyside Distg Co.

YOUMANS
CELEBRATED HATS.
Style and Quality Unequaled.
180—719—1107 Broadway.

PREMIÈRE QUALITÉ CIGARETTE.
A SUPERB ARTICLE. The standard of purity and excellence. The faultless union of two matchless tobaccos prevents that dryness of the throat usually produced by smoking other brands. Do not allow prejudice to prevent you from giving this incomparable cigarette a trial. It is simply perfection, and a luxury, and not a low-priced article.
Our Vanity Fair and other smoking mixtures are the finest for the pipe.
16 First-prize Medals. *WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.*

Children always Enjoy It.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk. Children enjoy it rather than otherwise. A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER it is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Beware of substitutions and imitations.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

Rich Embroideries and Laces,

Cambric and Nainsook Edgings, Insertions and Sets. Irish Guipure Sets, Combination Sets in all the leading colors. For Evening Dresses, Embroidered Silk Muslins, with Trimmings to match, White, Colored, and Black Tulle with Pearl Beads and Silver. Highest class Muslin Underwear, Infants' Dresses and Undergarments. Light-weight Dress Fabrics for late winter and early spring costumes.

ANDERSON'S GINGHAMS.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

BLANK BOOKS. A large assortment kept in stock, and books of every description made to order. Estimates cheerfully furnished. FINDLER & WIBEL, Stationers, 146 Nassau Street, New York.

W. A. S.

Wolfe's Schiedam Aromatic Schnapps

is the best stimulant in the preparation of beverages, and by itself. Sold by all grocers and druggists.

THE ROYAL DAUBER and Mud Scraper.

Best in Market. No clogging up. No mashing down. If your dealer has none send 25 cents to

PEABODY & PARKS,

Mfrs., TROY, N. Y., and get one by mail.

TO THE YOUNG FACE

Pozzoni's Complexion Powder gives fresher charms; to the old, renewed youth. Try it.

Overheard at the "museum of religions" in the avenue d'Iena, Paris. *Husband*—"Behold, a Shinto temple from Japan. It contains nothing but sheets of white paper and looking-glasses." *Wife*—"Look you, my friend, the founder of that religion was very spiritual—he knew how to attract men."—*Boston Transcript.*

"What kind of a picture would you prefer?" asked the photographer as he posed his sitter in the gallery chair; "would you like a three-quarter face or a side-view?" "I want a sillyhoot," she said, with the tone of one who knew her own mind; "all the girls are having that kind." Then the photographer went into the collodion room and tore out a handful of his hair while he prepared the plate for the silhouette his customer wanted.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WEAK STOMACHS

readily assimilate "Rex Wheat" Mush with comfort and relish when all other foods are a burden.

GRAMMAR AND SENTIMENT.

"A kiss is but a common noun," cried Sue;
"Yes, *very* common," artlessly cried Loo—
But as she caught a merry glance she hushed
Her silvery voice and beautifully blushed.
"Yet if 'tis common it is proper too!"
Cried Sal—a twinkle in her eyes of blue.
"It can't be both!" said Mabel, much perplexed—
And so they argued out the question vexed.
To one thing each at last made up her mind:
A kiss was something hard to be declined.
—*Lippincott's.*

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their express and post-office address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl Street, New York.

Cleverton—"Say, old man; I'm in a fix. I've got to go to a ball to-night, and these dress trousers are fearfully baggy. What would you do?" *Dashaway* (thoughtfully)—"Brush your hair straight back, neglect your nails, don't dance, and they'll think you are a genius."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

STENOGRAPHERS AND TYPEWRITERS ON THE PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED.

Recognizing the increasing popularity of the Limited among the business and professional men of the country, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has decided to still further improve the facilities of this wonderful train, and add to its conveniences by introducing a stenographer and typewriter for the service of the passengers.

A bright young man, expert in both branches of his profession, will be placed on each train between New York and Pittsburg to take the dictation and transcribe on the typewriter the correspondence of the passengers who desire to avail themselves of his services. By this means a business or professional man can attend to his correspondence *en route*, and thus secure a great saving of time. A compartment will be fitted up on each train for this purpose, and the letters will be mailed from the train as they are written. This novel and convenient arrangement will go into effect on February 1st.

The business men already have the advantage of the stock and weather reports on the Limited; the ladies have their maid, their private bath, and their drawing-room in the observation car, and the introduction of an amanuensis will round out the completeness of the train's conveniences to a perfect degree.

No other railroad train in the world offers any one of the four advantages that are provided on the Pennsylvania Limited.

"What is an agnostic?" asked Rollo, who was reading something by Huxley. "An agnostic," replied his Uncle George, "is a man who loudly declares that he knows nothing, and gets mad and abuses you if you believe him. He says he doesn't know anything, but he really believes he knows everything."—*Burdette.*

COLUMBIA CYCLES

FOR 1890

—ORDINARIES;—

• LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S •

SAFETIES, TANDEM SAFETIES,

—TRICYCLES.—

HIGHEST · GRADE ONLY

LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE

POPE MFG. CO. 77 FRANKLIN ST. BOSTON. — 12 WARREN ST. NEW YORK. — 291 WABASH AVE. CHICAGO.

BARRY'S ESTABLISHED 1801

Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR & SKIN

An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft and Beautiful. Infallible for curing eruptions, diseases of the skin, glands and muscles, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c. Price, 50 Cts.—All Druggists. BARCLAY & CO., New York.

Liebig Company's

EXTRACT OF MEAT.

For improved and economic cookery, use it for **Soups, Sauces,** and **Made Dishes.** In flavor—*incomparable*, and dissolves perfectly clear in water. Makes delicious Beef Tea and *keeps in all climates* for any length of time. 1 lb equal to 40 lbs of lean beef. Only sort guaranteed genuine by Justus von Liebig and bears his signature in blue, thus: J. v. Liebig

INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE

NO TROUBLE NO BOILING

THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE. EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT. POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS. 75¢ PER CAN.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INVENTORS AND SOLE MAN'FS. PHILADELPHIA.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES. SPECIAL. We will send by mail a **trial order** of 3½ lbs. on receipt of $2.00. Name the kind of tea you are accustomed to using. Greatest inducement ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated **Teas and Coffees,** and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set. Watch, Brass Lamp, or Webster's Dictionary. For full particulars address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

KNOX'S WORLD-RENOWNED HATS.

ABSOLUTELY PERFECT.

Retail stores, 212 Broadway, corner Fulton st.; 194 5th ave. under Fifth Avenue Hotel; 340 Fulton st., Brooklyn, and 191 & 193 State st., Chicago. Agents for the sale of these high class Hats can be found in every city in the United States.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post-Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl Street, New York.

FACIAL BLEMISHES

The largest Establishment in the World for the treatment of Hair and Scalp, Eczema, Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red Veins, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Barber's Itch, Scars, Pittings, Powder Marks, Bleaching, Facial Development, etc. Send 10 cts. for 128-page book on all skin imperfections and their treatment.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist, 125 West 42d Street, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

P.S.—Use Woodbury's Facial Soap for the skin and scalp. For sale at all druggists, or by mail, 50 cents.

Intelligent Men WANTED to act as our agents. New plan for selling goods wanted by every one. Exclusive territory given. Address for particulars, E. M. Kenyon, Sec'y., 142 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

COLDEN CREAM

INSTANTLY RELIEVES, PERMANENTLY CURES

CATARRH,

Hay-Fever, Cold in the **Head,** etc., prepared from the favorite prescription of an old physician. Price by mail, **25c.** Five boxes, **$1.00.**

L. HOOVER & BRO., Druggists, Gratis P. O., Ohio.

INFLUENZA

IS VERY CONTAGIOUS TO PEOPLE SUFFERING FROM IRRITATION OF THE THROAT. BY USING THE CELEBRATED **SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES,** THIS UNFAILING REMEDY FOR SORE THROAT, COUGHS, CATARRH, AND HOARSENESS, YOU CAN PROTECT YOURSELVES AGAINST THIS DREADED DISEASE. EVERYBODY SHOULD KEEP A BOX OF **SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES** IN THE HOUSE.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 25c. AND 50c. A BOX.

Pamphlets sent gratis on application by the

SODEN MINERAL SPRINGS CO., Limited.

15 CEDAR ST., NEW YORK.

Crosse & Blackwell's

FRESH FRUIT JAMS,

Made from English Fresh Fruits

AND REFINED SUGAR,

Are Sold by all Grocers

IN THE UNITED STATES.

West Shore Railroad

N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. CO., LESSEE.

VIA WEST SHORE OF WORLD-FAMED

HUDSON RIVER.

POPULAR ROUTE

FOR BUSINESS AND PLEASURE TRAVEL.

Magnificent Sleeping Cars Without Change.

New York and Boston to Buffalo, Toronto, Detroit, Toledo, Chicago and St. Louis.

Sleeping Cars New York to Toronto Exclusively by this Route

Tickets via West Shore on sale at all ticket offices in the United States and Canada.

Ask for tickets via West Shore and see that they read via this route.

LEADING HOTELS.

NEW YORK CITY.

BREVOORT HOUSE,
FIFTH AVENUE (near Washington square)
NEW YORK.
O. B. LIBBEY, - - Proprietor.

HOTEL GLENHAM,
FIFTH AVENUE (between 21st and 22d streets)
NEW YORK.
N. B. BARRY, Proprietor.

European Plan.
GILSEY HOUSE,
Corner Broadway and 29th Street, New York.
J. H. BRESLIN & BRO., Proprietors.

GRAND UNION HOTEL,
OPPOSITE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT, 42D ST.,
Rooms $1 a day and upwards. Baggage to and from Grand Central Depot, free.
European Plan.

ALBANY, N. Y.

KEELER'S HOTEL,
26 and 28 MAIDEN LANE,
ALBANY, N. Y.

UTICA, N. Y.

ST. JAMES HOTEL,
UTICA, NEW YORK.
SMITH & PATTEN, Proprietors.

COURTSHIP AS PRACTICED IN BOSTON.

I.

Deep in her eyes of bonnie blue
I saw the lovelight shine;
"Sweet love," I softly asked, "will you
Be mine?"

She raised her head and breathed a sigh,
Her eyes with tears were wet,
And blushingly she made reply,
"You bet!"

II.

The maiden blushed and sighed and trembled to her finger-tips
The moment love's first honeyed kiss had pressed her virgin lips,
And mingled with the joy that thrilled her came a sudden pain;
She felt that while she lived she ne'er could give that kiss again. —*Boston Courier.*

MECCA OF THE SOUTH.

The special personally-conducted Pennsylvania Railroad Florida Tours have formed the theme for so many conversations with those who have, through their medium, visited the south's mecca, as well as others now contemplating the trip, that their familiarity with the traveling public simply makes it necessary for the company to announce the date of each departure to insure the "special's" limit, one hundred and fifty persons.

The luxury of traveling in a train composed of Pullman Vestibule Sleeping, Drawing, and Dining Cars, with the watchful and constant attention from the accompanying Tourist Agent and Chaperon, meals *en route* in both directions free, from a *cuisine* renowned, and the privilege of a two weeks' sojourn south included in the fifty dollars, price of tickets from New York, and forty-eight dollars from Philadelphia, needs no comment, so liberally does it appeal to lovers of comfort and luxurious travel. The second tour left New York January 21st, and upon its arrival at Jacksonville, the sun-bronzed passenger of the first tour will board the train home. The departure of the third of the series is fixed for Tuesday, February 4th, a time of the year when southern travel is heaviest. Itineraries, details, and all information can be had at the Pennsylvania Railroad ticket offices, or by direct communication with S. W. F. Draper, Tourist Agent, 849 Broadway, New York, or W. W. Lord, Tourist Agent, 205 Washington Street, Boston.

Wooden coffin;
Vain regrets;
Happens often;
Cigarettes.

All parties will unite in approval of protection for this country against the pauper influenza of Europe—when it is shown how that protection can be secured.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

"Gentlemen," said an eminent Australian lawyer recently, "the case for the crown is a mere skeleton—a mere skeleton, gentlemen; for, as I shall presently show, it had neither flesh, blood nor bones in it." On another occasion he solemnly declared that a "verbal agreement was not worth the paper it was written on."—*Atchison Champion.*

Arnold, Constable & Co.

COTTON DRESS FABRICS.

"ANDERSON'S"

CELEBRATED ZEPHYRS.

PLAIDS, STRIPES, CHECKS and BOURETTE effects, showing great novelty in the SPRING STYLES of this celebrated fabric.

"FRERES KOECHLIN'S"

PRINTED SATINS.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK.

HAPPINESS ASSURED.

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure blind, bleeding, and itching piles when all other ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c. and $1.00 per box.

WILLIAMS M'F'G CO., Prop's,
Cleveland, O.

Ely's Cream Balm
IS SURE TO CURE
COLD IN HEAD
QUICKLY.

Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., New York.

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.

FOR BRAIN-WORKERS & SEDENTARY PEOPLE

Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 in. square floor-room; new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Indorsed by 20,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Send for ill'd circular, 40 eng's; no charge. Prof. D. L. Dowd, Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th st., New York.

Catalogue free. Address, Typewriter Department, POPE MFG. CO., Makers of *Columbia Cycles,* Boston, New York, Chicago.

POPULAR THEATRES.

NEW YORK CITY.

ACADEMY—14th st., cor. Irving place, Eve. 8:15; Sat. Mat. 2. Gilmore & Tompkins, Proprietors and Managers.
2ND YEAR. DENMAN THOMPSON.
THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

100 SONGS for a 2 cent stamp. HOME & YOUTH, CADIZ, O.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10 or $3.50 for a retail box, by express, prepaid west of New York and east of Denver, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once. Address C. F. **GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago**

PATENTS for inventions, trade-marks, and labels secured promptly. FITZGERALD & CO., Pat. Att'ys, Washington, D. C.

BRADYCROTINE WILL CURE YOUR HEADACHE.

If a lovely woman smacks me on one cheek I will turn her the other also.—*Josh Billings.*

"Well, Augustus," said a vapid youth who was proudly making a confession of various entanglements, "we all have our troubles, haven't we? Perhaps there is a skeleton in your own closet! eh, old boy?" "O, deah, no; you must have caught a glimpse of my twouser stwetcher."—*Washington Capital.*

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IN AN OFFICE BUILDING OR HOTEL AS MUCH A NECESSITY AS AN ELEVATOR. WHY ALLOW YOUR MAIL TO BE HANDLED BY IRRESPONSIBLE MESSENGERS WHEN THE U. S. BONDED CARRIERS WILL DO IT REGULARLY AND FREE? NOW IN ALL FIRST-CLASS BUILDINGS. ADDRESS
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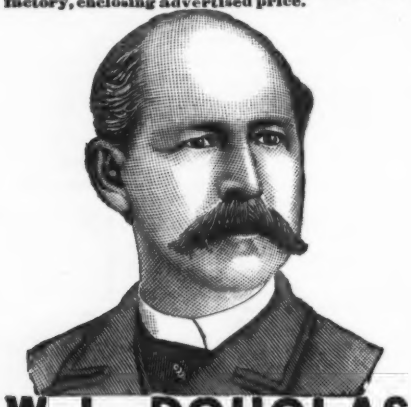
CAUTION Take no shoes unless W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on bottom. If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct to factory, enclosing advertised price.



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Fine Calf Laced Grain and Creedmore Waterproof. Our claims for this Shoe over all other $3 Shoes:
It contains better material. It is more stylish, better fitting and durable. It gives better general satisfaction. Its great success is due to merit. It cannot be duplicated by any other manufacturer. It is the best in the world, and has a larger demand than any other $3 Shoe advertised.
$5,000 will be paid to any person who will prove the above statements to be untrue.
Also $5, $4, $3.50, $2.50, $2.25, $2 shoes for Men; $2 and $1.75 Shoes for Boys. $3 and $2 Shoes for Ladies and $1.75 Shoe for Misses.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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Fountain and Stylo Pens.

A Good, Reliable Stylographic Pen for $1. Fountain Pen, $2. Star Fountain Pen, $1.50 and upward.
Best Writing Pen Ever Offered to the Public,
AT A PRICE WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.
Unequaled for Business or General Writing.
THE INDEPENDENT PEN is a 14 kt. GOLD PEN fitted with a Fountain or Reservoir Holder, and combines an Ink-stand and Gold Pen in one.
Send for Descriptive Circular. Trial Order Solicited
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A SAMPLE bottle of BRONCHOLINE will be sent *free* on application to D. H. FONDA DRUG Co., State St., Albany, N. Y. Broncholine cures *asthma and hay-fever*. Ask your druggist for it. Large bottles sent to any address for $1, or six for $5. Send for *free* sample bottle and testimonials.

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The deaf mute has the English language at his fingers' ends.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

When a woman wants the earth it is with a view to giving it to some man.—*Boston Courier.*

Unlike the majority of things in this queer world, fogs are always mist until they are gone.—*Baltimore American.*

There is only one cure for a swelled head and that is to have the patient's four-year-old boy strike a questioning streak.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

It was the Presbyterian pastor's little daughter (in these creed-revising times) who asked, "Papa, do you believe in a personal Santa Claus?"—*Buffalo Express.*

"Whar's Bill?" "Gone ter heaven, I guess." "Dead?" "Guess so. Tried to ride my broncho." "Whar's he buried?" "Ain't buried. He never come down."—*Sun.*

"Benzine Bill" is the suggestive sobriquet of a Kansas man who proposes to do missionary work in Oklahoma. He ought to make a bright and shining light.—*Chicago Tribune.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.
An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block Rochester, N. Y.*

Mabel (to Jack, who is about to drink her health for the ninth time)—"Oh, I wouldn't, Jack. Drink to me only with thine eyes instead." *Jack*—"All right. Well—er—here's looking at you."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Twelve-fingered freaks astound no more,
For steam-tugs we may find
That often have their tows before
And frequently behind.
—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Prisoner, have you anything to say in your defense?" "Your honor, I beg you to consider before pronouncing the sentence that the only reason I steal is so as not to be loafing about the streets all day."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Here lies the body of Moses Draper
(Tread softly ye who pass),
Who lived till sixty without a paper
And then blew out the gas.
—*Rock Valley Register.*

Read replies to Bishop McQuaid in the February number of *College and School.*

PENN MUTUAL
THE BEST LIFE INSURANCE
AT THE LEAST COST
MODERN METHODS
HOME OFFICE PHILA. PA.

"No use," exclaimed an impecunious debtor to an importunate creditor; "you can't get blood out of a turnip." "I know that," responded the creditor, "but unless I get that money I'll have gore from a beat."—*Philadelphia Press.*

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A Rare, Fragrant, non-Gritty Tooth Powder, Whitens the Teeth, Prevents and Arrests Decay, Hardens the Gums and Sweetens the Breath. Ask Druggists for Rowland's Odonto, of 20 Hatton Garden, London, England.

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Size, 6 x 7 x 10. Price, complete, covered in Seal Leather, $25.00.
Affords a pleasant pastime for all. It is designed for taking instantaneously objects in motion or stationary. Views, portraits, flash light pictures, etc. Sample photograph and descriptive circular will be mailed free on application to
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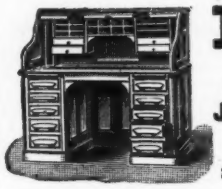

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VOGELER, SON & CO.'S PERFUMES,
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FEDORA (trade-mark).
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CHEROKEE ROSE (trade-mark).
All dealers. 1 oz. sealed bottles, 50 cents.

A yellow dog was cuffed and kicked,
And other dogs on him were "sicked,"
And boys would often him assail
And fasten tin cans to his tail;
But when a maiden young and fair
Fell in the river he was there,
And gladly did her life he save,
For he recalled the crust she gave
A yellow dog.

So if we haven't, let's begin
Good-will of all we meet to win.
And though a man look poor and tough,
We'll kick him not, for like enough
A noble heart may beat within
A yellow dog. —*Chicago Herald.*

THE ISSUE OF THE DAY.

"Phyllis! Darling!"

There was a tremor in the full, rich, manly tones. He looked up with beseeching eyes, in which the faint suspicion of a tear glistened, at the fair, perfect type of all that could be lovely in woman that stood before him, and as he looked long, earnestly, intensely, his voice broke in a trembling treble. Outside on the brick-swathed pave could be heard the low, dull sog of the rain-drops and the soft, plaintive gurgle of the organ-grinder as he gyrated the crank for all there was in it, while the merry invitation of the man next door to "have anozer one 'fore we go home" broke upon his ears with a startling distinctness that made his tired head ache.

"Phyllis!"

"What is it, Clarence?" said the beautiful girl, turning the rare and dazzling loveliness of her face toward his, but there was no answering tremor in her voice. "Have you a pain? Perhaps a porous plaster or a pill"——

"Do you mock me still?" he cried, springing to his feet, while all the pent-up agony that had twisted his internal economy with a gas-plier twist tortured his features into an awful look of despair. "You know how madly, passionately, I love you. It is true you are rich and I"——

"Owe for your last week's board," came the cold, calm, matter-of-fact and business-like reply.

"True, alas! too true. But it will not always be thus. I am young"——

"And callow," chipped in the maiden.

Not noticing the interruption he continued: "I will work, carve a name for myself and paste it on each successive rung on the ladder of fame, until wealth and position are mine. For you I"——

"Listen to me, Clarence Coughdropp"—and there was a cold, steely glitter in her eye—"I asked you a question last night—a simple every-day question that every school-boy and school-girl in the land could have answered with their eyes shut; you stared at me in blank amaze. You remember it, do you not?"

"Yes," he faltered. "I remember. It was whether I favored the league or the brotherhood?"

"And you told me—told me without the shadow of a jest, but in dead earnest, that you never heard of the league or brotherhood, and did not know what they meant. Is it not so?"

Clarence bowed his head. He could not speak.

"And you expect me to marry you," continued the now thoroughly-aroused woman. "You! A man who confesses himself actually ignorant of the existence of the league or brotherhood. You must think I'm a chump."

And they parted forever.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

FOUNDED 1836.

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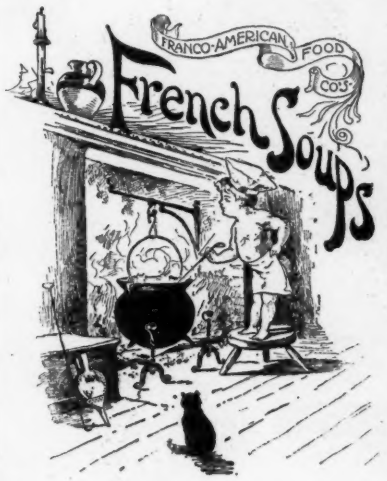

"The Average Cook sets 'little store by soup.' If the family insists upon having it occasionally she makes it under verbal or dumb protest *with the grease on.* The oils, she conceives to be 'essential' to strength and nourishment, swim in flotillas of globules upon the muddy deeps within the tureen." This little scrap of accurate description is from an article by *Marion Harland* on soup-making. She says that *we* know how to make soup. If you care to ask for it by postal or otherwise, we will gladly send the article, which we have printed and illustrated.

Green Turtle, Terrapin, Chicken, Consommé, Mullagatawny, Mock Turtle, Ox-Tail, Tomato, Chicken, Gumbo, French Bouillon, Julienne, Pea, Printanier, Mutton Broth, Vegetable, Beef, Clam Broth.

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PRINTED BY FLESS & RIDGE, 110 & 112 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Judge.

Last of the *three*, we greet you.
You worked for us when work *was* work;
When men, and men alone like you, could do
What seemed to us like sheer impossibilities.
We all remember that grand chieftain, Lincoln,
Who, when all seemed lost to others,
Cheered our souls with the refrain
"It looks almighty black, but—*Sherman's there!*"
And you *were* there, and there to stay.
Since then, with rest well earned
And gliding—never marching—toward that other sea,
You've had our love and reverence.
You have it now, Tecumseh,
And will ever hold it till the bugle sounds
"Sherman's struck the shore at God's tide-water!"

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

Aged 70, February 8, 1890.